The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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The Thank-Offering.

My little child receives my gift,
A simple piece of bread;
But to her mouth she doth not lift
The love in bread conveyed,
'Till on my lips, unerring, swift,
The morsel first is laid.

This is her grace before her food,
This her libation poured;
Uplift, like offering Aaron good
Heaved up unto the Lord;
More riches in the thanks than could
A thousand gifts afford.

My Father, every gift of Thine
Teach me to lift to Thee;
Not else know I the gift Divine
With which it comes to me;
Not else the tenfold gift is mine
Of taking thankfully.

Yea, all my being I would lift,
An offering from me;
Then only truly mine the gift
When so received by Thee;
Then shall I go, rejoicing, swift,
Through Thine Eternity.

G. M.

IDLENESS is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

Our Children.

BY THE REV. C. HARGROVE, M.A.

"The words which I command thee this day shall be upon thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children.

"Take heed, therefore, to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget . . but make them known unto thy children and thy children's children."—

DEUTERONOMY VI. 6, IV. 9.

The exhortation is addressed not to an individual but to a people, not to a generation but to a race. It is Israel—the Israel which endured the sore bondage of Egypt, which wandered over the wilderness of Sinai, which settled in Canaan and became great, which was divided, and conquered, and carried into captivity, and restored, and made subject, and finally scattered throughout all lands unto this day—it is this One Israel of so many centuries, so many fortunes, so many hundred millions of persons, upon whom this duty is laid. She accepted the charge, and has more or less faithfully fulfilled it even until now.

But no people can make to itself a monopoly of wisdom. The utterances of the Divine Spirit are not sealed. "He who hath ears to hear let him hear" is the proclamation which lays open to all whatever of true and good is spoken to any one. The old barriers which

divided the peoples in thought, in faith, in knowledge, are disappearing continually; and henceforth there are no privileged races, no private revelations, no responsibilities which we may dismiss from our minds as being laid upon men otherwise gifted than we are. The law is translated out of Hebrew, the speech of a numerically unimportant nation, into Greek, Latin, French, English, all the languages of the globe; and its obligation is unanimously recognised or rejected. Recognised as to whatever appeals to Man, rejected so far as it merely concerns the Jew, and the Jew of one time and one set of circumstances and one measure of enlightenment.

"Take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently, lest thou forget." It is spoken to every man who hears it; to every nation which unites past, present, and future in one personality; to the whole human race. "Make them known," the things which thou hast received and heard, "to thy children and thy children's children." It is the duty of each and all, the responsibility of each generation of men to those who are coming after it.

Herein the business of the world consists; and hereby all the labour and eagerness and determination with which we carry on the business of a brief and uncertain life is justified. It is for "the children and the children's children to the hundredth generation" that we are interested. They are so few the years upon which any of us can count that it were not worth while to do anything which would last long if we had only ourselves to think of. The laws we make, the societies we form, the houses we build, the roads we lay out, all, even as our own last wills, all are concerned with a future in which we as individuals shall have no part. We act instinctively and unconsciously as members of a body whose life is of indeterminate duration. A dim foresight reveals, even to the most short-sighted of us, generations yet unborn who shall be our successors, and we spend ourselves, and are spent in their interest, for their honour, for the sake of our good name with them.

> Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said
> This is my own, my native land!
> If such there be—

"To the vile dust from whence he sprang," the patriot bard consigns him, "unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung." The lines are among the best known of our language. They have received the endorsement of universal acceptance. In the passions kindled by political animosity, the accusation of want of patriotism is often flung merely for the sake of injuring an opponent, and it means no more than that the accused is of a different opinion to you as to the measures which tend to the country's good or bane. But the fact that such an accusation serves its purpose of injury, and is always indignantly repelled, is proof that the duties and responsibilities of citizenship are everywhere allowed, and that the dignity of citizenship is valued by men of all parties and conditions. Each insignificant individual in a great nation feels himself to be one of a mighty host, whose is the land and the wealth and the power and the honour, in all which he exults, though his private share be of the smallest.

There is a wider patriotism, beginning perhaps in this our day to be more generally appreciated than it has been hitherto, though, indeed, it is no new sentiment. It is the love which begins to be felt towards the country which now is, and grows to embrace that same but greater country which is one throughout all generations. It takes possession of the past, it is concerned for the future. All ancient glories are cherished in its devout remembrance, while it anticipates greater yet to be. It is the patriotism of the great age of Elizabeth which inspired the speech Shakespeare puts into the mouth of King Henry on the day of Agincourt. By five to one, and all fresh to battle, the foe is superior: it is with the thought of ages yet to come, the thought of us English folk of this far-off day, that the King inspires his forlorn and out-numbered host.

> This story shall the good man teach his son
> And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
> From this day to the ending of the world,
> But we in it shall be remembered.*

What could it benefit them—our applause? Or how can it affect us what future generations of Englishmen may say of us? Yet should we not blush for shame could we hear whisper conveyed to us from a hundred years hence of men, our children's grandchildren, charging upon us who lived in the beginning of the twentieth century that by our luxury, our indifference, our dissensions, our blindness, our supineness, we had lost for England the pre-eminence she had so long maintained among

* King Henry V., Scene iv., Act 3.

the nations, and forfeited for all future generations the advantages we had inherited from the past!

If we had to do with the present only, if our business terminated with our lives, we might be more than justified in standing aside from contemporary politics, and confining our interest to what directly concerned ourselves. The questions of the day seem so petty, the controversies so unimportant, the party fights so puny and often so insincere, when viewed in the light of the questions and controversies and fights of a hundred years ago, that often an impartial detachment seems the wiser attitude—seems, and perhaps would be if only the present were concerned. But it is the thought of the future which dignifies what is to-day insignificant. The thought that the destinies of England are in our hands; that "From this day to the ending of the world," what we do shall, for better or worse, affect our race.

We are engaged just now in a political conflict which has awakened more interest and passion than has any question of the last sixteen years. It is a way to dismiss it from our minds and shirk all responsibility for its settlement to represent it as a fight between church and chapel; a desperate effort on the clerical side to keep the control of the schools and a determined attack by Nonconformists afraid of losing their influence on the rising generation. And indeed if it were this and no more than this, it were serious enough. If it were true all that is said on one side or the other—of clerical intolerance and aggressiveness, of dissenting jealousy and unfairness—how sad and shameful were it that as a nation we should be content to let the greatest question which we are concerned with be fought out by such combatants, inspired by no other than these motives! But indeed no kindly observer of human nature will be disposed to believe that large bodies of men are or can be animated by merely selfish motives. If the "church" clings to the schools which it can no longer support, it is because it believes itself to hold a Divine commission to teach. If "dissent" is stirred, as it rarely has been of late years, by the proposal to give rate aid to schools under clerical control, it is the old fear of priestcraft and intolerance which is uppermost in its indignation.

Still the fight is at present mainly between two religious organisations—the Established Church on the one side, and the Evangelical Free Churches on the other. "Feed my lambs" is the commission which the Master they agree to worship is reported to have given to his chief apostle. Who shall have the feeding of them? is the contention between his followers. Or, worse still, who shall pay for the feeding? Such practical questions are indeed urgent for settlement; but how pitiable it is that whatever little enthusiasm for education there is should be aroused by and absorbed in this struggle—that the English people care so little how the children are taught, but are stirred to the depths as soon as it appears that one or another form of popular Christianity is to have a preference in the religious instruction.

Meanwhile, above all party interests and sectarian jealousies and doctrinal prejudices, with silent but persistent importunity the question presses for an answer.

How shall we do our best for the children?

The best we can will be poor enough, but less we may not be content with. To this Nature, Religion, Humanity, Patriotism urge us. And to so little effect!

Management by School Boards! Ratepayers' control! Women's Right to Serve! No Clerical Monopoly!—I believe there is justice and urgency in these cries. But there is one cry which is not heard, which is of more importance, and in which Justice is more intimately concerned. It is what the children themselves call for, too young as yet to know the meaning of all this uproar; for their very presence among us is a silent but imperative demand that we should do all we can to fit them to fulfil their duties and hold their own in the life which is before them.

A statesman has lately proposed to the party whom he will not lead a watchword by which they may without him march to power. Putting aside for the present all other measures and all projects of reform, he asks us to take "Efficiency" for our motto and our word of appeal. The weakness of the suggestion is that it recommends to a party to take for its own that which all parties are agreed on. At the Treasury and Board of Trade, at the Admiralty and War Office, the country demands efficiency, and it is sought after, if not attained. Even at the Post Office pride is taken, however little it be justified, in the efficiency of the service. In one department of government

alone would this seem to be a secondary consideration. In Education the denominations ask for fair treatment and the Church for favour, country and town alike murmur at the rates, and governments dread the increase of cost; so restrictions are imposed and grants are cut down, if possible to check the ever-rising expenditure. Yet is this the one department whose work pays the best; it is the Making of Men and Women! Is it not the business the most profitable that we can be engaged in?

Efficiency! that should be our cry! All the rest will follow. The best, and nothing less than the best which the circumstances allow of, that should be our demand; and no schemes of management should commend themselves to us or be condemned by us, on other grounds than that they are, or are not, the machinery best adapted to do the work, to do justice to the children, out of the raw material of human infancy to make the better folk that are to be.

We have just been engaged in a great war; we have sent 400,000 men across the seas, exposing them to all the perils and privations of the field; we have lost by death five and twenty thousand, and as many have been disabled for life; for two years and a half we have maintained the fight, and were prepared to continue as much longer to gain our ends. Here at home we were divided about the policy which led to the war and the terms which we had a right to demand as the price of peace; but there was no serious question raised as to expense. "To the last sixpence of our money and the last drop of our blood," wrote that most serious and religious journal *The Spectator*. And if the honour of our country were at stake, and the justice of our cause hallowed the war, this was the only resolve which could befit a great and proud people.

But is Honour less at stake when the question is, what position the coming generations shall hold in the world of nations? or is Justice not concerned as between us and the children we have brought into the world?

Yet we allow ourselves to be frightened by calculations of cost, and are fain to put up with a second or a third best—that we may save the money! and this though it be at the price (to use the words of a brave Bishop to whom the interests of his country are dearer than or identical with those of his church) "of prolonged sectarian strife and bitterness," and of permanent inefficiency.

And yet this Education, on which we are so afraid of spending too much, is the principal business of the nation, and money wisely spent on it is invested to the best possible advantage. The ordinary expenditure on the Army and Navy stands now at £60,000,000. We are told that we must pay this vast sum cheerfully as the insurance of our supremacy on the seas. But the only permanent insurance of our position is in the training of our children to uphold it worthily.

We are told that our fleet must be kept at a strength equal to that of any two or three other Powers. It were a rivalry more noble as it would be more profitable, if our efforts were directed to surpass all other nations in the excellence of our education. It will avail us little in the long run if we beat them in the numbers of our ships and the strength of our artillery, and fall short of them in the development of character and intelligence, by which alone force is made effective.

The children! they are England's most precious possession, they are her most serious responsibility, they should be her first care. Little boys and girls, lads and lasses, who are so common, to be had so cheap! The few of the palace and mansion, the multitude of the street—clean, nicely dressed, well-mannered—dirty, ragged, rude—the difference seems great to us. It is merely accidental! The essential is that they all are the England of the future. They all are the fathers and mothers of the next generation. Upon them depends what part England shall play in the world which is to be—for God and the right, for peace and the common welfare, for the advance of knowledge and religion—or for domination and territory and wealth and sport!

"Jesus called a little child unto him and set him in the midst of them."* Not, we may be sure, an exceptionally interesting child, a child delicately nurtured and prettily dressed, such a one would have lessened the force of his lesson: just a common child, who happened to be near, lingering, child-like, a little way off, and watching the little group gathered round Jesus.

He is in the midst of us to-day, that child! Impossible to overlook him! The Master

* Matthew xviii., 2.

stands invisible beside, and the many churches, who all call Jesus "Lord," gather around disputing the ownership. Which shall possess itself of the child, and teach him its doctrine, and bring him up in its communion? But by birth the child belongs to the Nation, and not to any church; and it is for the nation to appreciate it at its true value, and do with it as it merits. They worship Jesus as very God, but he puts the child in his own place. "He who receives," who cares for, who does his best for "one such little child in my name," out of regard for me and my teaching, "receives myself." The Nation which respects its children as its best possession, and trains them in knowledge and goodness, receives Jesus: it is the Christian Church of the land it inhabits; it does the Church's work for the young; the many religious bodies are but societies contained in it, auxiliary or rebel to it. The whole people is the one Church, if as a whole it receives and reveres that child.

And on the nation which neglects its children, which to save money does for them less than its best, which after a scanty schooling turns them adrift to forget all they learned and grow up in ignorance—what is Christ's sentence implied upon such a people? "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones to stumble," shall let him grow up unprovided with the discipline and learning by which he may guide his steps, "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Assuredly Jesus had no thought of a system of National Education, but the principle he lays down is of far-reaching application, and time develops the deep and universal significance of his teaching. The nation which neglects its children, which grudges the money the effective education of them would cost, while it boasts its wealth and spends freely on armaments—it were better it ceased from among the roll of the nations, before the inevitable humiliation overtook it and dimmed in shame all the glories of its past.

The children belong to their parents, and on the parents rests the duty and responsibility for their bringing up. It is the old doctrine, and no one will care to dispute it now. But we have learnt another doctrine, not new indeed, but heretofore not much heeded by us. *The children belong to the nation,* which has an ownership in them paramount to that of the parents, a duty towards them as urgent as theirs is, and an interest in their future even greater.

The children grow up feeble in body, vicious in disposition, ignorant and undisciplined. The family dies out, or is brought to shame. It doesn't matter much, except to themselves. The ruin they have prepared overtakes them; they reap of their own sowing, and we need not deplore even while we pity them. But it is otherwise with a Nation. Its shame is a catastrophe, its ruin is a world-wide calamity, the past and the future are involved in its fall. Therefore with jealous care must it watch over its children, and not suffer the parents to neglect or injure them. For what should it profit a nation to gain the whole world, to extend its empire over sea and land and lose its children, who are its very life, its hope, its soul! or what shall one give in exchange for the children! But they are lost so far as they grow up to be of less worth than they might be, than nature has fitted them to be; and no other gain and no saving of money can make amends to the nation for the diminished worth of its citizens. For each child has in it the makings of a man or woman of so much worth to the State. It is not possible that all should grow up to be strong and intelligent and eminently good; but so far as anyone falls short of what he might be, so far is the State a loser; and it is good policy, as well as a national duty, to do the best to develop all the possibilities which each nature contains.

"Religious education" is the subject of present contention, and it is in the name of religion that education has been set back in England again and again. But what is religious education? Is it to teach a creed and catechism? is it to deduce a particular doctrine from assorted texts? is it to train the children in the communion and practices of some one church? Let the parents have full license and opportunity so to do, and let the ministers of religion they prefer help with all their power to doing it!

But if the essentials of religion, which underlie all forms and on which all are agreed, be the consciousness of a Higher Power, and the sense of duty, and the recognition of a standard of obligation, an imperative Right and Wrong—this too the State must see that its children are not deprived of. They may grow

up Catholics or Protestants, Churchmen or Dissenters, but they *must* be taught reverence and the fear of God, and obedience and self-control, and goodness and honour and truth.

Do we care about these things as a nation, or more about doctrines and church membership? But if the nation is as yet scarce awake to its duties, it is for inidividuals, for each of us, to be eager and active in this greatest of all causes. The Education of the children is the world's welfare; the world's welfare is the Kingdom of God on earth; and what more, what higher object can we have in life?

Our children! they are our most precious possession, they are our most pressing care. Little will it matter about all the rest, if only they grow up strong in body, and wise in mind and good in disposition. Blessed the nation which devotes itself to its children as its wealth and its care!

Our Book Table.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Browning" has been eagerly looked for and will be read with delight by every intelligent lover of poetry. Perhaps the finest praise that can be awarded it is to say that it is worthy to take its place beside the same author's "Tennyson." That volume reached the high-water mark of poetical criticism, and it is much that the "Browning" should mount to the same level. These two books are not simply an analysis of the work of our two great poets, but they are fine examples of that illuminating criticism which goes beyond the subject in hand, and gives us the principles and canons which are the criteria of poetry everywhere. No one can read them without receiving an education in taste and judgment by which all poetry may be weighed in the balances. It may be that Browning was not quite so congenial a subject for Mr. Brooke as Tennyson. An artist himself to his finger-tips, Mr. Brooke would, at least in that respect, have a keener pleasure in Tennyson than in his great compeer. Yet of the many books written about Browning it is little to say that not one can compare for true insight and appreciation with Mr. Brooke's affectionate study. Browning's theory of the problem of life, without a clear recognition of which much of his poetry cannot be understood, has never been so luminously expounded as here. Mr. Brooke rightly admits Browning's frequent obscurity, but many for whom that obscurity has been a barrier they could not overcome will have the way into this treasure-house of thought and passion opened for them under Mr. Brooke's guidance. And others to whom Browning's has been the most quickening voice among the prophets of the last century will find, taught to listen by Mr. Brooke, cadences and meanings in the voice they love so well which they had not before discovered. Truly a great book on a great subject!

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The Editors of the new *Hibbert Journal* are to be heartily congratulated on their first number. The Hibbert Trustees have done a most enlightened thing in establishing a magazine for free religious and philosophical thought. It bids fair to supply a long-felt want in providing for the unfettered and frank expression of the various sides and even opposing aspects of truth, in the faith that "whatever harm may be associated with the conflict of opinions disappears in proportion as these are brought into intelligent contact." The Editors (the Revs. L. P. Jacks, M.A., and G. D. Hicks, M.A.) have been fortunate in securing the co-operation of an "Editorial Board" including such distinguished names as Deans Kitchin and Stubbs, Principal Drummond, Canon Cheyne, Professors Percy Gardner and Muirhead, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Dr. Watson. America is also represented on the Board, and now that the *New World* is dead there is a large unoccupied field in the United States for the *Hibbert*. We trust the ministers and laity of our own churches will not be slow in coming forward to support this interesting venture. The opening number contains at least three articles of the first rank—"The Basis of Christian Doctrine," by Dr. Percy Gardner; "The Outstanding Controversy Between Science and Faith," by Sir Oliver Lodge; and "Matthew Arnold," by Stopford A. Brooke. There is a synposium on "Catastrophes and the Moral Order," in which Mr. Armstrong, Dr. Horton, and Dr. Hewison take part, while Dr. Hicks gives a helpful resumé of recent theological and philosophical publications. The *Hibbert* breaks new ground, and is not exactly on the same lines as Reviews that once had a vogue among us, but have ceased to be. It stands for a certain Catholicity we do not re-

member to have seen before attempted in the magazine world. The writers in the present number represent very different churches and very different schools of thought. Episcopalian, Congregationalist, Unitarian, Presbyterian, and Nothingarian gather under the same hospitable roof, and the doors are open for every able exponent on either side to enter. May the *Hibbert*, starting under such fair auspices, have a long and prosperous voyage.

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We have received from Dr. Warschauer an advance copy of a little volume of advent sermons, entitled "The Coming of Christ," and published by Philip Green at Essex Hall. Dr. Warschauer's point of view will clash with that which is held by many of our readers, and perhaps for that very reason they will do well to give him a thoughtful hearing. No one can take up these sermons without feeling that they are the work of a keen mind and a deeply religious preacher. We often speak of the Theological re-construction demanded by our new knowledge and in which our churches are taking a leading part. But there is also a Christological re-construction going on which perhaps we have been a little reluctant to acknowledge. The Christology of many of the orthodox churches is not what it was, and it is certain that the point of view which has largely prevailed among our own churches during the last 50 years is undergoing modification. The last word has by no means been said by the Nicene Creed on the one hand, or by Theodore Parker on the other. If our orthodox friends are laying more stress than of old on the divinity of Jesus, there are many in our midst who are coming to recognise a larger element of the divine in the Master than they once thought. Dr. Warschauer is an able exponent of what may be called the Christward movement. We are not in agreement with all his implications, and his emphasis on the living Christ as distinct from the historical Jesus still leaves us in doubt as to whether he is speaking of the Ideal Christ built up and developed through the ages by the Christian consciousness or of an Actual Person moving upon our hearts from a heavenly throne—and if the latter, how this differs in kind from the influence of departed saints whose spirit is still powerful to influence ours. But, with whatever difference of view, we have found Dr. Warschauer's book a stimulating and suggestive utterance. His style is lucid and his spirit admirable. The sermon on "Christ the Witness to the Truth" is a particularly refreshing exposition of an often misunderstood subject.

Passed Away.

Weep no more, strive no more, let the dream go,
No soft summer showers make plucked roses blow.

The fair vase is broken, the sweet scent is lost,
Let the crushed fragments lie, count not the cost.

The bond that is severed no charm can unite,
No magic can make again noonday's spent light.

Weep no more, hope no more, pray not, nor trust;
Oh, fair was our idol, we framed it of dust.

It crumbled before us, the gay colours fled,
The radiance has vanished, the glory is dead.

Yearn no more, look no more mournfully back,
Let the long grasses wave over the track.

Let the soft sunshine sleep quiet and calm,
Let the low wind breathe its musical balm.

Till the pang is forgotten, forgotten the tomb,
Till o'er the crushed leaflets fresh violets bloom.

What! they will not leave fragrance, like those we have known,
Hush, think no more, weep no more, summer is flown!

The Higher Trigonometry.

Would you find God in the heavens? Then you must learn the rules of the celestial trigonometry.

You have been trying all these years to draw a line to Him from yourself alone, but no one can measure the sky with one point as a base.

Get your other point first: find your brother; lay down your base-line to him; establish your angles from your mutual aspirations and affections, and you have the problem solved.

No man cometh unto the Father save by the Son of Man.

ERNEST CROSBY.

Dr. Martineau's "Life and Letters."*

(First Notice).

BIRTHPLACE AT NORWICH.

Three years nearly have gone by since Dr. Martineau passed away, and now we receive the long-promised and somewhat delayed biography. Seldom can the "Life" of any philosopher and divine have been awaited with more interested expectation. The first volume and half the second, by Dr. Drummond, deal with the "Life and Letters"; the remaining portion, by Professor Upton, is devoted to "Philosophy." The portraits are those of Agar (1847)†, Elliot and Fry (1873), Watts (1876), and Mrs. Basil Martineau (1899). In addition to these there are illustrations of Dr. Martineau's mother, Hope Street Church, and the Polchar, Aviemore. A copious index of over thirty pages will be found of use, but is marred by misprints.

No attempt is here made to estimate Dr. Martineau's high character and work. The biographers themselves have modestly refrained, especially Dr. Drummond, from passing an individual verdict, being vigorously contented with the impersonal narrative method. This treatment has involved a chronological arrangement of the record, both in the biographical story and the philosophical survey. The private letters, however, which are very numerous, being selected out of a great abundance, are nobly self-revealing, characteristic, and unique. Some parts of the narrative, moreover, are of an autobiographical nature, taken from memoranda put together for a briefer and earlier memoir. But the inward history transcends the outward career. We do not expect a hot rush of events in one whose work was that of a student, professor, preacher and writer; and it may be that the general reader will pass over, without special pleasure, incidents which, to others, are charged with intimate and affectionate interest. These will find room for appreciation and criticism in the philosophical pages of Professor Upton. We offer simply a few first impressions of the earlier part of the work.

The home life at Norwich is painted at last in its true colours, and justice is done to three figures who chiefly interest us: to the mother, whose strong will and strict restraint were sometimes felt too stringent by the over-sensitive Harriet, but whose charges of severity and coldness have been exaggerated by injudicious friends; to the daughter, who idolised from the first her younger brother James, through all the

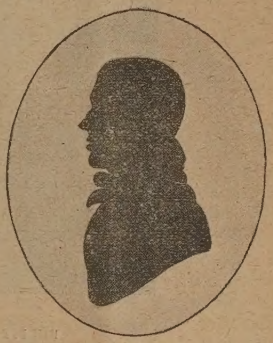
* The Life and Letters of James Martineau. By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt. D., and C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. Two vols., 30s. Nisbet and Co.

† Vide *Seed Sower*, February, 1900, p. 190.

waywardness of early genius and up to the mistaken alienation of later years; and to the brother, who admits that if his childhood was not all happiness, the cause was not any sharp or repressive discipline on the part of his parents, but his own shrinking nervousness under the well-meant persecutions of his elder brothers and the rough tyrannies of a public school. The "smart of unmerited insult" seems to have been rather frequent with the Norwich Grammar School day boys, who were despised by the boarders, and Dr. Martineau's later and severe strictures on public schools were unfavourably coloured, doubtless, by his own unpleasant experiences.

A happier lot was his as private pupil of the Octagon Minister, Mr. Madge, who, on the week days, partially displaced Greek and Latin and put him to reading the "Arabian Nights," and on the Sundays, in the Octagon ‡ Services, awakened with tender, silver voice his first stirrings of conscienee.

Fortunate indeed it was, in the light of later days, that the "sallow stripling of 14," of shy and sensitive disposition, but superficially hardened by a too rude discipline, was handed over to the fostering care of Dr. Carpenter,‖ under whose earnest Puritan training his moral sense found stimulus and direction. This was his formative period, and no scholar ever paid nobler tribute to his master than that which Dr. Martineau paid to Dr. Carpenter. It is deservedly known so well by all, and certain passages of it are here transcribed, which throw light upon the development of his mind. But there is one passage, not quoted, which always seems to us to have a double significance. "I have never seen in any human being the idea of duty, the feeling of right, held in such visible reverence. There was no such thing as a dead particle in his faith, it was instinct with life in every fibre; of the discipline enjoined upon his house, its early rising, its neatness, its courtesy, its golden estimate of moments, he was himself the model." Of whom could this be truer than the writer himself? Dr. Carpenter passed on to his pupil the virtues of Puritanism, and also its limitations, its religion of self-discipline and obedient duty, but not the free delight in imagination and beauty; its Christianity of evangelical piety based on miraculous guarantee, but not the liberty of the spirit and the free movement of authentic thought. These things were to be his own glad discovery.

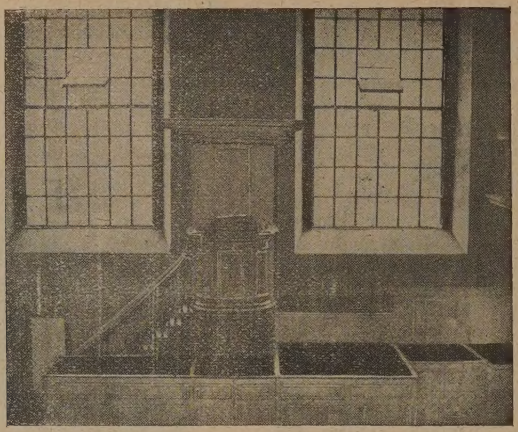


REV. HENRY TURNER.

The crisis in his experience, the entire change in his career, cannot be disconnected altogether from its unconscious preparation under Dr. Carpenter. A second predisposing element was his early attachment to the eldest daughter of Mr. Higginson, the Derby minister. But the actual conversion seemed to come as a sudden call from heaven: under a flash and stroke of sorrow, due to the early death of his cousin, the Rev. Henry Turner, of Nottingham, the scales fell from his eyes, and the realities and solemnities of life first came upon him. Haunted by his profound affection for "one of the purest, truest, most devout of men," he was torn from the workshop of his previous occupation and turned "from an engineer into an Evangelist." Henry Turner was to Martineau what Arthur Hallam was to Tennyson, and his ministerial consecration was his solemn *In Memoriam*.

There are interesting glimpses of the old York days, of his fellow students, and of the professors, and we read with especial zest his own reminiscences of his youthful repugnance to prizes and honours "as an indignity offered to the intrinsic nobleness of knowledge," of the College Missionary Society and his first preaching in the small room at Welburn, of his

‡ *Vide Seed Sower*, May, 1899, p. 40.
‖ *Seed Sower*, February, 1899, p. 183.



PULPIT IN EUSTACE STREET CHAPEL.

"intemperate studies," his recognised abilities, his exclusive friendships, and his mild pleasures.

Many pages are given to his first settlement in Dublin, his ordination to the pulpit of "dirty, dingy" Eustace Street, of which we reproduce a unique little print, and of the honourable reason for his conscientious resignation.

The sacrifice of the young minister was not greater than the bravery of his young wife. "The principle keeps us up, and he shall never hear a word of regret from me over things that are consequent on an act of duty." Before they quitted Ireland they stood silently together by the little grave of their first-born daughter. "Long years afterwards a venerable man of eighty-seven stole away from the bustle attending the Tercentenary of Dublin University, and stood once more beside the quiet grave, not now supported by the faithful wife, who long before had joined this first pledge of their love, but by a devoted daughter who watched over his declining days." So mingle joys and sorrows in the moulding of our lives. F. K. F.

Notes and Jottings.

During the past month several religious gatherings of national importance have been held. The large meeting of the Congregational Union at Glasgow will be remembered chiefly for its tone of passionate resistance to the Education Bill. It is seldom that an assembly of educated people is so swept off its feet as was the case in the rather tumultuous vote against the payment of the rate. A similar resolution was adopted by the Baptist Assembly at Birmingham, warning voices notwithstanding. Indeed, the Education question dominated both meetings, and revealed a depth of feeling on a great public question unknown to Nonconformists during the last 30 years. The Church Congress at Northampton presented no features of striking interest. An impartial outsider would perhaps have been struck chiefly by the unreality of some of the discussions. Reunion came in for the usual pious sentiment; but it is quite clear that the main body of the Anglican clergy have no wish for closer relations with Nonconformity, and Canon Henson's suggestions were greeted with evident impatience. The subsequent discussion upon Miracles was marked by a similar aloofness from the world of thought and feeling in which most men live. A great deal of it was elaborate, apologetic, which it is hard to believe could be really helpful to any mind struggling with religious doubt.

The death of Mr. Kensit, under rather tragic circumstances, has evoked a great deal of sympathy far beyond the circles of militant Protestantism. For the present the noisier elements in the movement seem to be in the ascendant, and a spirit of strife and bitterness is in the air. We do not doubt the sincerity and genuine zeal of these men, but we cannot regard their policy, rooted as it is in ignorance and bigotry, as other than seriously harmful to the interests of religion and freedom.

In this connection we note with great pleasure a letter from the Bishop of Liverpool, himself an Evangelical, written in answer to a correspondent who desired him to take severer measures against Ritualism. It is eminently temperate and charitable, and shows that he is likely to be a strong Bishop in a diocese of exceptional difficulty. "I do not doubt," he writes, "that you and your friends have from time to time been sorely provoked by the follies and extravagances of extreme men in the Church of England, but, in my opinion, the methods which a small and extreme section of Protestants have thought fit to adopt, and the tone in which they have carried on a most unhappy controversy, have done as much harm not only to the true Protestant cause, but also to the cause of Christianity in England, as the disloyalty of any Ritualist. These are hard words to write, and it is painful to me to write them. Of the Protestant cause I shall never be ashamed, but I often am ashamed of the unwise and unchristian conduct of some who call themselves Protestants."

The most interesting ecclesiastical news of the month is Mr. Balfour's selection of Canon Armitage Robinson for the Deanery of Westminster. The appointment does not raise great expectations, because the new Dean is not widely known, and he is still a comparatively young man, being under 50 years of age. This is not in itself a recommendation for a position of such commanding influence, as it may be possibly in the case of a great Bishopric, and the fact that the choice has fallen upon one who has still to win real distinction reveals the poverty of the Church at the present time in men of first-rate ability as thinkers and preachers. The selection of Mr. Beeching for the vacant canonry will meet with wide-spread approval. Both appointments, indeed, accord in a marked degree with the literary traditions of Westminster.

It is a far cry from Mr. Balfour's evident sympathy with scholarly Churchmanship to his not less evident ignorance of Nonconformity. This ignorance, and the unsympathetic demeanour which is bred of ignorance, are unfortunately characteristic of a large section of English society; but in a statesman, whose first business it is to try to understand the people he has to govern, they are deplorable. His speech at Manchester on the Education Bill is remarkable chiefly for its adroit fencing with difficulties, and the undercurrent of hostility to Nonconformist sentiment. We do not believe that Mr. Balfour wishes to be hostile; but it is not easy to understand how a man of his intelligence can interpret the great wave of popular feelng which is sweeping up against him as a mere outbreak of political temper. Perhaps, however, this is to be taken as a piece of platform oratory which is meant to hide the uneasy consciousness of the speaker that the real force of conviction is on the other side.

The Homely Potato.

Most of us probably derived our earliest information concerning the "apple of the earth," as it is called in some Continental languages, from some such book as *The Child's Guide to Knowledge*, where, among other things, we learned that for a long time after its importation by Sir Francis Drake it was grown only by men of fortune, and in the time of Charles I. was a luxury provided for the Queen's table at the price of two shillings a pound. How different from to-day, when at least half-a-million human beings in Ireland alone stand, with every failure of the potato crop, in jeopardy of starvation. The potato became a staple crop in Ireland in the 17th century, a common crop in England by the middle of the 18th century, but was twenty or thirty years longer establishing itself in Scotland, France, and Germany. To-day in Scotland it is a rival for popularity with oatmeal. In 1853 a monument to Drake was erected at Offenbury, in Baden, in token of gratitude for his having introduced potato-culture into Europe.

Mr. W. P. O'Brien, in his book on *The Great*

Famine (1896), gives an account of the years of distress and panic which followed such a calamity during the years 1845-47, throwing a dark shadow over the earlier years of the present reign, and taxing to the utmost the resources of the administrations of Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell. The fungus causing the potato-disease, so destructive and difficult to deal with, is known wherever the potato is cultivated, as well as in Chili, where it is native; but it has been especially severe in Ireland, where the people came to trust to it too exclusively.

On the other hand, the potato has been one of the great agents in preventing famines in European countries. As an article of diet the potato is invaluable, its solid part consisting principally of starch to the amount of some 20 per cent., which is easily digested; though the potato, or any starchy food, is, taken by itself, very inferior in nutritiousness to wheat or oatmeal. The other constituents are sugar, fat, nitrogenous matters, saline matters, and water to the amount of 75 per cent. Solanin, a poisonous alkaloid, is also found in the potato-plant, most in the potato-apples, least in the tubers; and boiling removes it. Potato-ash contains nearly 60 per cent. of potash, and nearly 20 of phosphoric acid; but the constituents vary a good deal in their proportions. The superstition of carrying a raw potato in the pocket as a cure for rheumatism may have its origin in the fact of its containing potash.

Starch is largely extracted from potatoes for use in textile factories and in the laundry. *Farina* or potato-starch is made into dextrine or British gum, a substance of great commercial value.

Among other of its numerous uses may be mentioned the preparation of certain varieties of brandy and whisky, distilled from fermented potatoes. In Russia syrup and sugar are prepared from potato-starch. In Germany much potato meal or flour is made, and is used for provisioning ships, barracks, etc.

In some parts of America potatoes are said to be so numerous that they have been used as fuel, being cheaper than coal. A few slices of the peel placed in tobacco that has become unpleasantly dry to smoke soon restores to it its lost moisture without imparting any unpleasant flavour. The potato is akin to tobacco; and tolerable cigarettes may be made from potato-leaves.

A good and cheap imitation of celluloid, which in its turn is a good and cheap imitation of ivory, is produced by boiling potatoes, after being peeled, for several hours in water containing 8 per cent. of sulphuric acid, ridding the resulting pasty mass of its moisture by pressure, and afterwards moulding it into the required form — combs, knife-handles, pianoforte-keys, pipes difficult to distinguish from meerschaum, etc. The substance can also be dyed and turned in a lathe and applied to any of the purposes for which real ivory, now becoming scarcer every year, is usually employed, such as billiard-balls and various fancy articles. Some kinds of hardened potato-pulp are now extensively used in the manufacture of buttons. But a couple of generations back snuff was in high favour, and boxes were largely made. A common material for them was potato-pulp, which, after being mixed with some sticky substance, moulded, dried, and varnished, had all the appearance of superior papier-maché. As a penwiper and rack combined, a potato is said to be an excellent preservative against rust and mildew.

A curious dish, "potatoes and point," was said to be only too common amongst the poverty-stricken inhabitants of Western Ireland, who used, according to one explanatory legend, to place a salt herring in the centre of the table and point their "praties" at it in order to get the flavour; according to another authority, salt, in the days when there was a heavy duty upon it, took the place of the salt fish. The dish is mentioned in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, printed in 1824: "When there is but a small portion of salt left, the potato, instead of being dipped into it by the guests, is merely, as a sort of indulgence to the fancy, pointed at it." R. Anderson, in one of his Cumberland ballads, says:

> Dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week;
> If we get a bit meat on a Sunday,
> She cuts me nae mair than would physic a sneype,
> Then we've 'tatey and point every Monday.

The following poem by the Rev. J. T. Pettee, "Prayer and Potatoes," said to have formed party of a charity sermon in Massachusetts some five-and-twenty years ago, portrays a poor old woman, whose sole subsistence had been potatoes for many weeks past, as seated in an armchair bemoaning the failure of her store and racking her weary brain as to whence

she is to obtain more. Suddenly she thinks of the deacon over the way, and sends for him.

The deacon came over as fast as he could,
Rejoiced at a chance of doing her good,
But never once thought of potatoes.
"Now, tell me," said he, "the chief want of your soul?"
And she, good woman, expecting a dole,
Immediately said, "Potatoes."

. . . . . .

He prayed for wisdom, and truth, and grace:
"Lord, send her light from Thy holy place!"
She murmured, "Oh, send potatoes!"
And still, at the close of each prayer he said,
He heard, or fancied he heard, instead
This strange request for potatoes.

An Instruction and a Prayer.

By Cardinal Newman.

I.

A SHORT ROAD TO PERFECTION.

It is the saying of holy men that, if we wish to be perfect, we have nothing more to do than to perform the ordinary duties of the day well. A short road to perfection—short, not because easy, but because pertinent and intelligible. There are no short ways to perfection, but there are sure ones.

I think this is an instruction which may be of great practical use to persons like ourselves. It is easy to have vague ideas what perfection is, which serve well enough to talk about, when we do not intend to aim at it; but as soon as a person really desires and sets about seeking it himself, he is dissatisfied with anything but what is tangible and clear, and constitutes some sort of direction towards the practice of it.

We must bear in mind what is meant by perfection. It does not mean any extraordinary service, anything out of the way, or especially heroic—not all have the opportunity of heroic acts, of sufferings—but it means what the word perfection ordinarily means. By perfect we mean that which has no flaw in it, that which is complete, that which is consistent, that which is sound—we mean the opposite to imperfect. As we know well what *im*perfection in religious service means, we know by the contrast what is meant by perfection.

He, then, is perfect who does the work of the day perfectly, and we need not go beyond this to seek for perfection. You need not go out of the *round* of the day.

II.

PRAYER FOR THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I should like an enquirer to say continually

O my God, I confess that *Thou canst* enlighten my darkness. I confess that Thou *alone* canst. I *wish* my darkness to be enlightened. I do not know whether Thou wilt: but that Thou canst and that I wish, are sufficient reasons for me to *ask*, what Thou at least hast not forbidden my asking. I hereby promise that by Thy grace which I am asking, I will embrace whatever I at length feel certain is the truth, if ever I come to be certain. And by Thy grace I will guard against all self-deceit which may lead me to take what nature would have, rather than what reason approves.—Amen.

Withered Leaves.

Withered rose-leaves in an urn—
Everywhere our glances turn,
Time old graves uncovers.
Many a dainty, perfumed note,
Hands long cold once warmly wrote,
Hidden here by lovers.

Ah! the manly hearts, now cold,
Ah! the mem'ries, sweet and old,
This quaint room discloses.
All the warmth is chill to-day;
All the life has passed away;
Naught is left but roses—

Roses, withered now and dead,
All their ancient sweetness fled
With their ancient splendour.
As I bend above, I feel
A vague fragrance from them steal,
Like a mem'ry tender

Of their olden pleasant days,
When the sun's rich golden blaze
Kissed their cheeks to glory.
Ah! the pain these mem'ries give!
Ah! the pain that one must live
When our life's sweet story

Holds no more the olden joy!
Of what use a valued toy,
When its charm is broken?
Of our life when Youth is o'er—
Of the Past which comes no more,
Are these flowers the token.

When the sun has lost his light,
When the fall of Winter's night
Our Autumn-tide o'ercloses—
Call we then the mem'ries sweet
Of those vanished moments fleet—
Ashes of Youth's roses.

C. R. Crespi.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Kindness to Animals.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."
—*Prov. xii., 10.*

In our time great attention is being given to whatever will promote the comfort and happiness of the people. Many efforts are being put forth to improve the condition of the various classes of the community. And this is right. But we should be mindful also of the comfort and happiness of the lower animals around us, especially of those of them which we use as our servants.

I shall ask your attention to three thoughts suggested by this text.

I.

THE BIBLE ENJOINS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

It does so, first of all, by speaking of God's loving care of them all. At the very beginning of the Bible we read that God created the lower creatures—fishes and birds and beasts—and then said about the work of His hands that it was "good." When the wicked city Nineveh repented at the preaching of Jonah, and God resolved to spare it, He thought of the "much cattle" that would have perished with the people if the city had been overthrown. The writers of the Psalms praise God for His goodness to the lower creatures: "The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their meat from God." "The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works." "The eyes of all wait upon Thee; and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

How interesting, too, are the words of Jesus on this subject! "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God?" "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." And again, "Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them."

In the Books of Moses there are some beautiful laws which enjoin kindness to the lower creatures. The rest of the weekly Sabbath is to extend to the domestic animals. A man is to help to lift a beast that has fallen under its load, even although it should belong to his enemy. The ox and the ass, being animals of unequal strength, are not to be yoked together in the plough. The ox that treads out the corn is not to be muzzled, but allowed to eat of the fruit of his labour. The sitting bird is not to be taken from the nest. A kid is not to be boiled in its mother's milk, for that would look like an outrage on the tender relation between parent and child.

Now, if the great God Himself exercises so much tender care over the lower animals, and if He enjoined His covenant people, the Jews, never to treat them cruelly, it is most surely His will that we also should be kind to them. If all men had a true Christian spirit, there would be no need of societies "for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

II.

ANIMALS HAVE UNDOUBTED RIGHTS.

Scarcely anyone ever refers to this particular text of Scripture; or rather, those who think they do, fail to repeat it correctly. People say, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast;" but these words are not in the Bible. The likest to them are the words before us: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Many people who love the Word of God are not very good at quoting it.

Solomon's words remind us that the lower animals have a right to kindly and considerate treatment. To use them well is not to show them mercy, but to do them justice. And to use them ill is not merely to be ungenerous, but to be unrighteous.

A man's "beast" has rights as his *fellow-creature*. The breath of God kindles brute life as well as human life. Indeed, man is an animal also; although, of course, he is much more. He shares with the lower creatures many common needs and desires and feelings. John Ruskin has said that "there is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul." A man's "beast," too, knows when it is well-treated, and is sensitive to ill-usage, just as Balaam's ass was long ago. The percentage of rogues among the lower animals is immensely less than it is among human beings. If the omnipotent Creator cares so tenderly for these humble fellow-creatures of ours, it is a "righteous" thing in us to consider their wants and feelings, and to treat them kindly.

But a man's beast has also rights as his *servant*. The Almighty has constituted man the landlord of the world, and has given him "dominion over the creatures." Man, said Lord Bacon, is "the God of the dog." The lower animals are serfs on his estate. But, under the feudal system, while the inferior rendered service, the superior granted protection. Man, therefore, is not only to exact work from the creatures that are dependent on him; he is under obligation to care for them. It is sad to reflect that those domestic animals which are most valuable to man are frequently those that suffer the greatest amount of injustice at his hands—the horse, the ass, the ox, and the dog.

Gradually the world is becoming wiser as regards the treatment of animals. The conscience of Christian nations is teaching them to deal kindly with the lower creatures, and to recognise their right to live and to enjoy life.

III.

CHARACTER IS SHOWN IN ONE'S TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

It is always a good sign of a man when he takes a kindly interest in the lower creatures that are about him. A kind-hearted boy who owns a dog will "know the soul of his beast"—entering into its feelings, pitying its dependence, feeding, and caring for it. No animal is more trustworthy, or more susceptible of kindness, than the dog: it is capable of love, gratitude, fidelity, and the greatest self-sacrifice. The dog desires to become its master's friend, and to enjoy his confidence. A well-behaved and good-tempered dog is a most lovable creature. But there is much truth also in the words of one of our poets:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

On the other hand, cruelty or harshness to the lower creatures which are our property, or which we have in our power, is always a very bad feature of character. It shows a base nature. How sickening it is to see a herd of overdriven cattle goaded on through the streets by men and boys armed with cudgels; and to see them beaten for being tired and faint and thirsty! That is not a thoughtful or a manly boy who tears the wings and legs from flies, or who throws stones at a toad. Every kind human heart will sympathise with the words of the good and gentle Cowper:

"I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live."

Guild News.

Very gratifying reports come to hand from various quarters respecting the Guild movement. We expect to have a considerable accession to the Guild Union before many months are passed.

The *Stockton Guild* is considered one of the most flourishing institutions of the church. The young folks come together in goodly numbers each week, and take an active part in the conduct of the meetings. The minister feels encouraged by the developments thus far manifest.

The *Warrington Guild* gives evidence of progress in that an increased supply of "Manuals" has become necessary. The Secretary writes: "I think I may say our Guild was fairly successful last season, and we have now made another good start, so shall hope for still better results. The difficulty is to get the young people to take a part in the discussions. Then again we do not get as many young people as we would like and it naturally falls to the older and more experienced to speak. Still the influence is felt and I am sure will do good."

The *Scarborough Guild* had also a good record of activity last year, and is looking forward hopefully to the coming months. The young people seem greatly interested in the social side of church work. A corresponding interest in the spiritual aspects of life and duty would help the work along.

The *Mansford Street Young People's Friendly Society*, London, will, in the future, take the name, The *Mansford Street Guild*. The Guild will be composed of all the leading workers connected with the various institutions of the Church and Sunday Schools, together with the young men and women of the senior classes. A monthly meeting will be held at which there will be a devotional service and conference on some topic closely touching religious welfare of members, or some act of personal service in which members can take part. Those who have the organisation in hand entertain great expectations.

At *Aberdare* the newly-inducted minister has started a Guild. The Rev. H. Fisher Short knows well the value of this movement to the young people and to the church and community from his Sheffield experience, and he means to put his heart into the work for the young in his new charge.

At *Bridport* the minister, Rev. H. Shaen Solly, M.A., and a specially appointed committee, have given the Guild idea careful consideration, and matured plans for the federation of their various institutions. The Guild was inaugurated last week (Oct. 9th) and starts with a fair promise of success. We hope the influence will spread in the West of England Churches.

Enquiries have come to hand from *Floweryfield* and other places, and copies of the Year Book and Manual, which contain valuable information about the movement, have been sent. The Secretary, Rev. John Ellis, The Parsonage, Mansford Street, Bethnal Green, E., is always pleased to answes enquiries and to send papers explaining the movement.

The *London Guilds* have decided to combine into a local union for mutual encouragement and helpfulness.

ESSEX CHURCH.—The Guild has held its annual meeting and opened its second session. It has considered at its gatherings the following, amongst other questions: "The Christian Year," "Sunday Observance," "Bible Difficulties," and "Spurious Sports," and it has supplied workers to such societies as the Band of Hope, Band of Mercy, Girls' Club, and the Bell Street Mission. The reports of the treasurer and secretary were both satisfactory, and the membership numbers 40. The following officers were elected:—*President*, Rev. Frank K. Freeston, *Vice-President*, Rev. G. Cooper, B.A., *Treasurer*, Mr. Chas. Folkerd, *Secretary*, Miss Grace Mitchell. At the close of the annual business a discussion on "Amusement" was opened by Miss Lawrence.

BIRMINGHAM.—The *Old Meeting Guild* held its annual meeting on Monday, October 6th, when Mr. and Mrs. Wood gave an "At Home" to members and

friends. The report recorded a successful year's work. The membership roll has 125 names, with 160 in the Junior Guild. In addition to the monthly religious service, Recreation, Literary and Debating, Gymnastic and Sewing Classes have been carried on during the winter months, and Cricket and Tennis Clubs in the summer. The members have well sustained the Sick Children's Holiday Fund which gives 15 children a fortnight's holiday in a country home. The income of the *Guild* during the year for all purposes amounted to £25. The following officers were elected:—*Warden*, Rev. J. Wood. *Sub-Warden*, Mr. W. Cheshire, *Treasurer*, Mr. C. Wood, *Secretary*, Mr. Ewart Smith. After the business, music was provided by the Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Voysey and other friends.

News from the Field.

We are in the midst of *Harvest* Services and Celebrations. The churches are alive with gratitude, and tell of fruitfulness and beauty, but we cannot give any reports. We must confine ourselves to appreciation of all that such services typify.

Our chronicle of Ministerial changes and developments enlarges. New workers take their places in the field. *Mr. St. Clair* gives six months of work at Dudley; *Mr. A. Leslie Smith* has entered upon his ministry at Hale; *Mr. C. D. Badland* has gone to Whitchurch; *Mr. H. F. Short* has been inducted at Aberdare; *Mr. G. A. Ferguson* was inducted at Kirkcaldy, and *Mr. Eustace Thompson* at Bermondsey. *Mr. W. F. Turland* has had a most hearty welcome at the beginning of his ministry at Walsall, and he saw with pleasure—not only a group of our own ministers present to welcome him—but also three Nonconformist ministers of the town who took an active part in the pleasant proceedings.

It is pleasing to see that the *Rev. Peter Dean* has got back his usual vigour, and that he gave a fine address in *Longborough* on a recent visit he paid to Denmark. His report on the social and educational position of things in the Northern Kingdom was most inspiring.

Our friend *Mr. Hargrove* in his Mill Hill Pulpit keeps the torch of truth and freedom alight, and is doing an excellent work in Yorkshire.

What a fortunate congregation that is at *Ainsworth*—or *Cocky Moor* as it is familiarly known. Underneath its strip of ground a treasure worth £40,000 just discovered. What will our friends do with all this? We congratulate them, and trust they will be wise.

We welcome the first number of the *Hibbert Review*, and hope it is entering upon a career of great usefulness and prosperity. It is trying to adopt itself to the needs of thinkers, and to be a bond of union among men of various churches. Long may it live!

A well-earned tribute of respect and affection has been paid to Alderman *Harry Rawson*. His portrait, which is placed in the *Memorial Hall, Manchester*, by the side of *Dr. Beard, W. Caskell*, and *G. H. Wells*, was presented to him by his many admirers and friends who were honoured by their recognition of his great work and the beauty of his life.

We note, with pleasure, that religious services are again being held by our friends at *Aberystwyth*. Very soon, we trust, there will be a permanent congregation there.

The churches throughout the country, and notably in the *Midlands*, are beginning their winter work bravely—not only by their regular services, but by holding special week-night services. These efforts are meant to quicken the life of the members of the separate congregations, as well as to set forth our spiritual realities before strangers, and it is pleasing to note how readily the various ministers go about from congregation to congregation to spread the good news. Such efforts help to consolidate and unite us better than any mechanical machinery of organisation.

There will be a sense of gladness in many hearts now that *Stopford Brooke* is taking up work again in the pulpit. Our *London* friends, and wayfarers from the country, will be able to listen to his uplifting words each Sunday at *Little Portland Street* Chapel. We hope he will be heard and welcomed by large congregations.

Various assemblies of our people have been held during September and October, and many representatives of the Churches have found true spiritual manna which has nourished their faith and increased their zeal. The *General Baptists* (*Unitarian*) held their 249th Assembly at *Bethnal Green*, and cheered each other as they told the story of the year. The *Provincial Assembly* of *London and S.E. Counties* had a specially good time at *Hastings*, and were happy in their record and prospects. The *South Wales* Unitarians were alive at *Capelybryn*, while the friends of the *British and Foreign Unitarian Association*, and of the *Sunday School Union* held with great success their autumnal meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne. All these gatherings were of a cheering nature.

Meanwhile none of these gatherings failed to sound a strong note of opposition to the Education Bill of the Government, and they were reinforced by resolutions adopted at the *Lancashire and Cheshire Provincial Assembly*, and by the ministers of *Warwickshire and the neighbouring Counties*. A more united protest never went forth from the real friends of education than is given to the present proposals put forth by this coalition government. Is not the hour of its dissolution approaching?

We hear with satisfaction of the renovation of *Upperthorpe Chapel, Sheffield*, and of the enlargement of its organ, as well as other good things, so that the new minister (*Mr. Dolphin*) shall have a good start in his new sphere of labour.

But we grieve to know that the *Rev. Felix Taylor*, on account of ill-health, has been obliged to lay down his work at *Tenterden*, and to set sail for South Africa. We hope the voyage will do him good and that many years of high and useful service are still before him.

Now the field of our work stretches before us and the labourers are called upon to put forth all their strength, and to sing songs of joy as they till the ground for God.

October 11th, 1902. SCRUTATOR.

The Midland Educational Company, Limited, Birmingham.